

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Tha Lunatic" (feat. Stretch)

[2Pac:]

Oh shit, jumped on my man's dick  
Heard he had a twelve inch, now the bitch is lovesick  
Who's to blame, the guy or the groupie  
Heard I was down with D.U., now she wants to do me  
Oooh-wee! This is the life  
New bitch every night, never tripped off a wife  
It ain't right, but it's cool how they come quick  
Don't try to flip with the lip cause I run shit  
Hip hip, hooray for the AK  
Spray when I lay competition, what a great day  
Make pay, next is the wet sex  
Hexed with the vex now they wreck with the complex  
I'm set, wonder what I tote, check  
Bloody as a Kotex, snappin' motherfuckers' necks  
Revenge so sweet when it comes from  
Niggas get done with the drum, watch my foes run  
Nigga keeps coming when they can't slip  
Full of that shit, another hit from Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]

Yeah, fuck that God! Word up  
Blowin' niggas out the motherfuckin' frame, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Constantly, fuck that trick, we ain't havin' it

[2Pac:]

Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this  
It's suicidal, you lose your title like Doug-las  
Cause I'm nothin' nice and, I'm icin' like Tyson  
I'm grippin' the mic and my DJ is slicin'  
I'm tired of motherfuckers steppin' to me with the same old  
Tryin' to do me like Nintendo  
How the fuck you think I ever got this far?  
By bootin' motherfuckers like a shootin' star  
Cause I'm out to show that I'm a dope MC  
Think crack had you fiendin', wait'll they get a load of me  
Bitches on my dick like a motherfuckin' condom  
Niggas wanna flip, let 'em step, and I'll bomb 'em  
See somethin' you want, why don't you come and get it  
And then get waxed and taxed, like the government  
Then I leave you sittin' there, wonder where your money went  
While your bitch is callin' me, tellin' me to come again  
Nigga I'm loc'ed, when I smoke, from the indo  
But we can be friends though, after you get broke like a window  
That's what you provoked, and now you're smoked out  
Lookin' like a bitch, cause your whole fuckin' posse, broke out  
Punk motherfucker couldn't roll on  
He couldn't hold on, game is too strong, nigga  
Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this

Feel the wrath, and revenge of tha' lunatic

*[Stretch:]*

Yeah Tu', tell 'em motherfuckers, word up

We ain't havin' it, none of that shit!

Bitch ass niggas, niggas can't fuck with us Tu', word up

'91, we takin' this whole motherfucker over

Niggas got problems in '91, '92, and '93

And all that other shit, word up

*[2Pac:]*

Recognize game when it smacks you, bitch I'm back to rip

Puttin' this on the map with this mackin' shit

Time will tell if it's made well

Well I raise hell and excel cause it pays well

Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder, pump it any farther

I'm funky, that's word to the father

Act like you know 'fore I thump the bolo

Thought you was a pimp, now you're simpin' for my solo

Oh no, not another new jack, swearin' that he's ruthless

Ducked and now he's fucked and left toothless

I can hear the fear in your flow, you ain't prepared

You're scared and you're bound to go

It's somethin', I guess I let the beat keep bumpin'

Stop trippin' off these niggas cause they ain't about nuttin'

Or should I say naythin'

Punk put my tape in, fuck all the fake-in

I'm sick of the bullshit

Come equipped and get ready to rip

or get the dick of Tha' Lunatic

*[Stretch:]*

Ah yeah, fuck that, you know what I'm sayin'?

(The motherfuckin' lunatic)

Yes Tu'!

Tell them niggas what time it is, 'kna'm sayin'?

(punk motherfuckers, get the dick of the lunatic)

Niggas can't fuck with us, word up

Bitch ass niggas, fuck 'em

*[2Pac:]*

Fuck all them niggas

I'm tellin' these niggas that they ain't got

Naythin' on a nigga like me

We squashin' these punk motherfuckers in '91

'92, '93, and so on

So let the beat FLOAT on

While I spray these PUNK BITCHES

with these dope ass lyrics

Thanks to Poppa for supplyin' the dank

Now it's money in the BANK

And all y'all niggas shit stank

Compared to this shit

Fuck y'all punk bitches!

Tha' Lunatic \*echoes\*

Writer(s): George Clinton, Ronald Banks, Gregory Jacobs, Tupac Shakur, Edward Green